

The Vinton Record.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
WALLACE E. BRATTON.
At Bratton's Building, East of the
Court-House.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One year, \$1 50
Eight months, 1 00
Four months, 50
Payment in advance in all cases.

Professional.
R. A. BRATTON.
Attorney at Law,
McArthur, Ohio.
Constable and Constable,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
McArthur, Ohio.

WILL attend promptly to all business in-
trusted to their care, in Vinton and Ath-
ens counties, or any of the courts of the 7th
Judicial dist. and in the Circuit courts of the
U. S. for the Southern district of Ohio. Claims
against the Government, pensions, bounty and
back pay collected. jan24

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BRATTON & MAYO,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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to their care in Vinton, Athens, Jackson,
Ross, Meigs, and adjoining counties. Particu-
lar attention given to the collection of soldiers
claims for pensions, bounties, arrears of pay,
etc., against the U. S. or Ohio, including Mor-
gan raid claims. Jan24

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McArthur, Vinton County, Ohio.

WILL attend promptly to all business in-
trusted to their care, in Vinton and Ath-
ens counties. Office in Hubert's building, over
the Post Office, up stairs. ap24

Watches.
G. W. J. WOLTZ,
DEALER IN AND REPAIRER OF
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
—AND—
Musical Instruments,
[Hubert's Building.]
McArthur, Ohio.

Railroads.
M. & C. R. R., TIME TABLE.
FROM December 3rd 1865. Trains will
leave Station named as follows:
GOING EAST.
Stations. Mail. Night Ex.
Cincinnati, 9 10 a m 12 35 a m
Chillicothe, 2 00 p m 3 05 a m
Hamden, 3 45 p m 6 31 a m
Zaleski, 4 18 p m 7 01 a m
Marrietta, 8 20 p m 11 10 a m
GOING WEST.
Stations. Mail. Night Ex.
Marrietta, 5 45 a m 7 05 p m
Zaleski, 9 28 a m 11 06 p m
Hamden, 11 09 a m 11 42 p m
Chillicothe, 11 58 a m 1 20 a m
Cincinnati, 4 55 p m 6 00 a m
Trains connect at Hamden with Mail train,
to and from Portsmouth O. dec7-65

Hotels.
CLIFTON HOUSE,
Corner Sixth and Elm Streets,
Cincinnati Ohio.
THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE CITY
Terms \$2.00 per Day.
OMNIBUSES carry all passengers to and
from the cars. The new depot of the
Marrietta and Cincinnati Railroad, corner
Plum and Pearl streets, is only four squares
from this house, making it convenient for pas-
sengers to stop at the Clifton. dec2-6m

TO THE LADIES!
MRS. E. B. PUGH,
MILLINER,
One door east of the M. E. Church,
McARTHUR, OHIO

I now receiving a splendid stock of SPRING
MILLINERY, consisting in part of
BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS,
FLOWERS, PLUMES, LA-
CES, NETS, BELTS,
DRESS TRIMMING,
BUTTONS, &c.

Bonnets Made to Order.
REPAIRING neatly and promptly executed.
Country produce received in exchange
for goods. Prompt Payment Desired.
March 15, 1866-3m.

Special Notices.
DR. STRICKLAND'S
COUGH
NO
MORE.
COUGH BALSAM
It is warranted to be the only preparation
known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,
Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs,
Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being
prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing,
softening and expectorating, and is particu-
larly suitable for all affections of the Throat and
Lungs. For sale by all Druggists everywhere.
January 18, 1866, 1y.

DOCTOR
Strickland's
TONIC.
It is a tonic in a concentrated preparation of
Roots and Herbs, with
antiseptic and carmin-
ative to strengthen the stomach and nervous sys-
tem. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or In-
digestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite,
Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and
Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particu-
larly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic
persons. For sale by all Druggists everywhere
at one dollar per bottle.
January 18, 1866, 1y.

The Vinton Record.

VOL. 1.

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, JUNE 14, 1866.

NO. 25.

Poetical.
[For the Cincinnati Enquirer.]
UP! WHO WOULD HAVE THE
HANDS TO FIGHT.

BY YANKEE MURPHY.
Up! ye who have the hands to fight,
Who have the hearts to feel!
Up, up! for dear old Ireland's right,
With side or with steel!
On, brightly streams on Liffey's rill,
The gilded mist on high,
But brighter soon on Tara's hill
Shall Freedom's ensign fly.
Then up! who have, &c.

"For Liberty and Ireland, Ho!
For Liberty arise;
There's mercy in the conquering blow,
When grim oppression dies.
There's music in the mustering feet,
To be on Erin seen, (meet;
When the gallant Fenian boys shall
For Freedom 'neath the Green!
Then up! who have, &c.

Who barely shuns a Freeman's death,
Dishonor haunts his tomb!
Who nobly wins a victor's wreath,
Long may he see it bloom!
Who freely sheds his generous blood!
His children long shall tell
How he for Ireland nobly stood,
For Erin bravely fell.
Then up! who have, &c.

[For the Cincinnati Enquirer.]
BEECHER.
For years, Henry Ward,
You've been serving the Lord, (?)
And I hear you've been paid pretty well;
But now, Henry Ward,
You're forsaken the Lord,
And turned your attention to it—!

By the Spirit and Word,
Sharpe's rifle and sword,
You attempted the strongholds of Satan to
But now, Henry Ward, [level,
You "turn tail" on the Lord,
And go to "soft-soaping" the D—!

You are right, Henry Ward,
Since you can't fool the Lord,
To make peace with your master, And Cloo-
For you know, Henry Ward, [tie,
If you get your reward,
In his realms you will soon be on duty.

Miscellaneous.
HOW SUT LOVEGOOD'S DAD-
DY ACTED HOSS.

What Came of It.

"Hold that ere hoss down to the
yearth." "He's a spreadin' his tail
to fly now!" "Keep him where he
is." "Woa." "Woa, shavetail!"
"He's a dancing a jig."

These and like expressions were
addressed to a queer-looking, long-
legged, short-bodied, small-headed,
white-haired, hog-eyed, funny sort
of a genius, fresh from some sec-
ond-hand clothing store, and moun-
ted on "Tarpoke," a nick-tailed, long
poor horse, half-brandy, half-devil,
and enveloped all over in a perfect
network of bridle reins, cruppers,
martingales, straps, surcingles, and
red fetterin, who had reined up in
front of Pat Nack's grocery, among
a crowd of wild mountaineers, full
of fight and bad whisky.

"I say, you darned ash-carts, jist
keep yer shirts on, will ye? You
never seed a rale hoss till I rid up.
Tarpole is jist next to the best
hoss that ever shelled nubbins, and
he's dead as a still worm, poor old
tickytail."

"What killed him, Sut?" asked an
anxious inquirer.

"Why, nuthin, you ternal fool; he
jist died—died a standin' up, at
that. Warn't that good pluck?"
Froze stiff, no, not that adactly,
but starved fust, and then froze af-
terwards, so stiff, that when dad
and me pushed him over, he jist
stuck out so, (spreading his arms
and legs,) like a carpenter's bench,
and we waited seventeen days for
him to thaw afore we could skin
him. Well, thar we was—dad an'
me—(countin' his fingers.) Dad an'
me, Sal an' Jake, (Fool Jake, we
used to call him, for short,) an'
Phineas, an' Simeon, an' Jonas, an'
Charlottean, an' Calline Jane, an'
Cashus Henry Clay, an' Noah Dan
Webster, an' me an' the twin gals,
an' Catherine Second, an' Cleopa-
try Antony, an' Jane Lind, an' Tom
Bullion, an' the baby, an' the pros-
pect, an' marm herself, all left with-
out any hoss to crap with. That
was a nice mess for a 'spectable
family to be slashin' about in,
warn't it? I be turned if I didn't
feel like stealin' a hoss sometimes.
Well, we waited an' rested, an'
waited until well into strawberry
time, hopin' some stray hoss mout
come along, but dog my cats if eny
such luck as that ever comes whar
dad is, he's so dratted mean, an'
lazy, an' ugly, an' savage, an' tri-
fin'.

"Well, one nite, dad he lay awake
all nite a snortin' an' a rolin' an' a
whisperin' at mam, and next morn-
in' sez he—'Sut, I'll tell you what
we'll do; I'll be hoss myself, and
pull the plough, while you drive
me, and we'll break up corn ground
and then the old quilt (that's mam)
and the brats kin plant it or let it
alone, jist as they d—n please.'—
So out we goes to the pawpaw
thicket, and peeled a right smart
chance of bark, and mam and made
gears for dad, and they become
him mighty; then he would have
a bridle, so I gits an old 'umbrella'
what I found—it's a little fork-
piece of iron, sorter like unto pitch-
fork, ye know—an' we bent an'
twisted it sorter unto a bridle bit,
small shape (dad wanted it kurb, as
he said he hadn't worked for some
time, an' might sorter feel his oats
an' go to cavortin.) Well, when
we got the bridle all fixed on dad,
he chomped the bit jist like a rale
hoss (he always was a most com-
plicated durned old fool, ony how,
and mam always said so, when he
warn't about it, then I put on the
gears, an' out dad an' me goes to
the field, I a leadin' dad by the
bridle, and totin the gopher plough
on my back. When we come to
the fence, I let down a gap an'
made dad mad, he wanted to jump
the fence on all fours, hoss way. I
hitch him on to the gopher, and
away we went, dad leanin forward
to his pullin right peart, and we
made sharp plowin' dad goin' rite
over the bushes and sprouts, same
as a rale hoss, the only difference
is, he went on two legs.

"Presently we cum to a sassafras
patch, and dad, to keep up his kar-
acter as a hoss, bulged square into
it, and tore down a hornet's nest
nigh onto as big as a hoss's head,
and all the tribe kivered him right
strate. He rared and kicked once
or twice, and fetched a squeal wos
nor ary hoss in the district, and sot
into runnin' away jist as natural as
ever you seed. I let go the lines,
and hollered woa, dad, woa! but
you mout as well of said woa to a
locomotive. Gewhilkins, how he
run! When he cum to a bush, he'd
clear the top of it, gopher and all;
p'raps he thort there mout be an-
other settlement of bald hornets in
it, and that it was safer to go over
than thru, and quicker dun, every
now and then he'd paw one side of
his head with fust one fore leg and
then t'other, and then he'd gin him-
self an open-handed slap, that
sounded like a wagon whip, and
running all the time, and karrien
that gopher jist about as fast and
high from the yearth as ever a
gopher was carried, I swar. When
he cum to the fence he busted
right thru it, taring down nigh on
to seven pannels, scatterin and
breakin the rales mightily, and
here he left the gopher, geers,
single-tree and klevs, all mixed up,
not wroth a durn. Most ov his
shirt stuck on to the splintered end
ov a broken rale, and nigh unto a
pint ov hornets staid with the shirt,
a stingin it all over, the balance
on em, about a gallon an a half,
kept on with dad. He seemed to
run jist adactly as fast as a hornet
could fly, for it war, the tightest
race I ever did see. Down thru
the grass they all went, the hornets
making it look sorter like a smoke
all around dad's bald head, and he
with nuthin on but the bridle and
nigh onto a yard of plow line a
sailin' behind him.

"I seed now that he was aimin'
fur a swimmin' hole, in the creek,
whar the bluff is over twenty-five
feet perpendicular to the water,
and it's nigh onto ten feet deep.—
To keep up his karakter as a hoss,
when he got to the bluff he jist
leaped off, or rather jist kept on
runnin. Kersplunge into the creek
he went; I seed the water fly plum
above the bluff from whar I was.—
Now, rite thar, boys, he overdid the
thing—if that war what he was ar-
ter—for there's nary hoss ever fold-
ed durned fool enough to leap over
such a place; a cussed mule might
have dun it, but dad warn't actin'
mule. I crept up to the edge and
looked over; there was old dad's
bald head, for all the world like a
peeled onion, a bobbin' up and
down, and the hornets a sailin' and
a circlin round, turkey buzzard
fashion, and every once in a while,
one and sometimes ten, 'ud make
a dip at dad's head. He kept up a
right peart dodgin' under, sum-
times they'd hit the water, and the
water was kivered with drowned
hornets. 'What on the yearth are
ye doin' thar, dad?' sez I. 'Don't
(dip) you see those infernal var-
mints [dip] atter me?' 'What,' sez

I, 'them are hoss-flies thar; ye ain't
really afear'd of them, are ye?'—
'Hoss-flies h—l' sez dad; 'they're
rale [dip] genuine bald hornets,
you [dip] infernal cuss!' 'Well,
dad, you'll have to stay thar till
nite, an arter they go to roost, you
cum home an I'll feed you.' And
knowin' dad's unmodified natur, I
broke from them parts, and sorter
cum to the copper mines. I staid
hid out until the next afternoon,
when I seed a feller travellin, and
sez I, 'What was going on at the
cabin this side of the creek when
you passed it?' 'Why, nuthin much,
only a man was settin in the door
with nary shirt on, and a woman
was greasin his back and arms,
and his head was about as big as a
teggallon keg, and he hadn't the
first sign of an eye, all smooth.'—
'That man is my dad,' sez I. 'Been
much fitin in this neighborhood
lately?' sez the traveler rather dri-
ly. 'Nun wuth speakin of, per-
sonally or particularly,' sez I.—
Now, boys, I hain't seen dad since,
and would be afraid to meet him
in the next ten years. Let's drink!'
And the last we saw of Sut, he
was stooping to get into the dog-
gery door, with a mighty mixed
crowd at his heels.

[From the Pittsburgh Republican]
Incident at the White House.
A friend, recently on a visit to
Washington, relates an incident
which fell beneath his notice at a
Presidential reception which he
had the honor of attending, that is
so illustrative of the prompt busi-
ness habits and kindly feelings of
Andrew Johnson that we are feign
to publish it as nearly as he related
it as possible. He said:

After arriving in the ante-room
of the Presidential mansion, we
had to wait until notified to
enter the President's room. During
the interval my friend and myself
noticed a dapper little, sandy com-
plexioned, intellectual-looking,
nervous man, pacing backward and
forward—ever and anon pausing
and making notes on a bundle of
documents—then, passing his hands
through his hair, he would resume
his march. His friend whispered:
'That gentleman seems peculiarly
nervous; something of a deep im-
port rests upon his mind.' Just at
this moment the usher threw open
the door, and we entered. The
President, after blandly receiving
and passing the compliments of
the morning, said: 'Gentlemen,
please excuse me, two ladies are
approachin'. We stood back.—
An elderly lady approached, ac-
companied by one much younger
who, from an appearance, might be
her daughter, with an infant in her
arms. The nervous gentleman ap-
proached the President, and said:
'Mr. President, this lady's hus-
band is under sentence for a crime,
which I have here the documents to
show was not so flagrant as was
testified to, and that one of the
witnesses perjured himself.'—
'Stop, sir,' said Mr. Johnson, 'I
received those documents, or their
contents, two days ago, and have
carefully examined them. This
lady's husband is pardoned.'

The lady, so overcome with the
feelings which welled up from her
heart that she was incapable of ut-
terance, was likely to faint.

'John,' said the President, 'seat
that lady.' She took her seat and
attempted to speak her thoughts,
but her emotions were too over-
powering for utterance, and the
President cut her short by saying:
'No thanks, madam—no thanks.
I have but done my duty; be com-
posed and retire, for I have other
duties quite as urgent and impor-
tant as yours.'

'As he turned away,' said our in-
formant, 'we observed a tear trickle
down his cheek. No matter what
we thought.'

Facts Worth Remembering.
It is worth while for all farmers
everywhere to remember that tho-
rough culture is better than three
mortgages on their farm.

That an effective war against
weeds is five times less expensive
than a defensive one.

That good fences always pay
better than lawsuits with neigh-
bors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper
made in summer than bought in
winter.

That more stock perish by fam-
ine than founder.

That scrimpung the feed of fat-
tening hogs is a waste of grain.

That over-fed fowls will not lay
eggs.

The greatest cave in the world is
the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

A Sarmint.
BY JULIUS C. SNOW, ESQ., LATE OF THE
FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, BOSTON.

De tex on dis stressin 'casion am
dese stirrin and heart bustin obser-
vations:

WHAR'S DE FREEDMAN'S BURO NOW?
My Cullud 'Sciples: Julius, de
American citizen of African scent,
am heah befoah de house in a state
ob extreme discouragement. De
cullud popylashnn has been skew-
ished by Mr. Johnsing whose front
name is Ander. His v toes have
stepped onto our aspirations and
de Freedmen's Buro am clean done,
gone, busted. 'De kloven huff' of
de individual which his last cog-
nomen is Johnsing, hab been made
distinkly visible to de unkivered
obties ob de public. Dat is to say
—you can see it wid de naked eye,
widout de aid of a telyscope. He is
de Moses Iscariot ob dese de-
generated days.

My cullud frenz, who's dis John-
sing? say. He was nuffin but a
tailor. Yes, gemmen and folks, he
came from a low straxshun, and his
parent on his father's side was old
Johnsing, and—

WHAR'S DE FREEDMAN'S BURO NOW?
Dis is de werry unkindest cut ob
all, as Spokeshave say. Dis is de
midnight ob de midwinter ob our
discontent.

De smashin ob de Buro, I consid-
er de most greatest and exceedin-
est mightiest calamity of dis age!
I am an orator, I acknowledged, but
whar's de language to do justice to
de extreme proportions ob de prodi-
giousness ob de magnitude ob de
enormousness ob de universal am-
plitude ob de—de—

WHAR'S DE BURO NOW?
My frenz, you'll excuse de wrath
and indignashun dat's in de veins
ob de ancient and honorable cullud
speaker who is now speaking sich
burning eloquence in your midst—
dat's to say me. But I cannot dis-
train de powerful ideas which am
leaping and wresting into my brain.

De krisis has cum. De sisters ob
de krisis and all their sisters have
arriv, and the very earth quakes,
de stars emit flashes ob indignant
thunder, de very universe trem-
bles, and boundless immensity ech-
oes back de dire question,
WHAR'S DE BURO NOW?

My hearers, de ole man eloquent
must rest here; he has fought de
good fite, but he's gone in. Look
at dese tattered garments, all worn
to shreds in de noble cause ob de
Freedman's Buro, which Johnsing
has tramped into with de—as I
may say, de stern heel ob despot-
ism! Wherefore dis excitement,
you may ask. De answer am here.
Overpowered sentimentality, over-
burdened with hefty grief! My
day is run, my occupation gone, for
de tex says—

WHAR'AM DE BURO NOW?
But my followers, Nebber gib up
de ship. Julius will nebber fail.—
When de earthquake shall have
ceased, when the storm shall have
spent its fury, and the tempest
hushed into zephyrs. When the
floods have retreated and the giant
of terror, dismay and distraction,
have returned to the dim caverns
of their abode, there in the midst
of the ruin shall be seen dis hum-
mel individual, umbreller in han,
hat under de table, handkerchief in
de rear pocket ob de narrative ob
his swaller-tailed coat, yelling elo-
quence to de natives, dis tex,

WHAR'AM DE BURO NOW?
Brudder Greeley will proceed to
collect de revenue in de usual way,
while de congregation jines in dis
highly edifying hymn—
Oh! giggle goggle gumpacross,
Dat am berry fine;
Den dis nigger steal a horse,
And off to Caraline!
Jiggle, joggle, possum fat,
Hop de dooden doo!
I's got a lovely Thomas cat,
O! don't you want one too!

A Big Thing.—The Ohio States-
man says that there is a printer in
Columbus, who set over 40,000 ems
pearl type between 7 o'clock A.
M. and 12 M., and that he will bet
\$5 to \$500 that he can do it again.
Our devil claims he is not very
swift, but that he can set over 60,
000 ems of solid nonpareil in about
sixty minutes—provided it will
stand the pressure.—[Greenville
Democrat.

Well, suppose he can; that is
nothing. The editor of this paper,
one day last week, set about two
rods of small pic in eight hours
and he'll bet from one cent to \$20,
000,000 dollars he can do it again.

The greatest cataract in the world
is the falls of Niagara.

ADVERTISING TERMS.
One square, ten lines, \$1 00
Each additional insertion, 40
Cards, per year, ten lines, 5 00
Notices of Executors, Administra-
tors and Guardians, 2 00
Attachment notices before J. P., 2 00
Local notices, per line, 10
Yearly advertisements will be charged
\$60 per column, and at proportionate
rates for less than a column. Payable in
advance

Cure for Asthma.
In a late number of the Country
Gentleman we find the following
recipe for asthma, communicated
by Mr. W. O. Hickok of Harris-
burg, Pa.

I have a son, six years old, that
had the asthma in the most dis-
tressing form for some three or four
months, when he was one or two
years old. We tried everything we
could hereof without getting relief
till we were told to rub his neck
and breast with petroleum, and we
tried it both crude and refined, ex-
periencing very speedy relief and
a final and permanent cure; for he
has not once had a return of it, and
is now a very healthy child.

A Cure for Cholera.
The National Intelligencer says
the following remedy for the chole-
ra saved three hundred lives, when
that scourge raged in Washington,
a few years since. It is no less ef-
fective in cholera morbus and or-
dinary diarrhea:

One part laudanum,
One part champhorated spirit,
Two parts tincture of ginger,
Two parts capsicum.
Dose.—One teaspoonful in a
wine-glass of water. If the case is
obstinate, repeat the dose in three
or five hours.

"One day recently, a gentleman who
holds a responsible and lucrative position
in the government, concluded to change his
lodgings, and sent a waiter of the hotel,
where he had selected apartments, after his
baggage.

Meeting the waiter an hour or two after-
wards, he said:

"Well, John, did you bring my bag-
gage?"

"No, sar," loudly responded the sable
gentleman.

"Why—what was the reason?"

"De Gemmen' in de office said you hadn't
paid your bill."

"Not paid my bill—why, that's singular;
he knew me when he kept the Girard
House."

"Well, mabe," rejoined John, slightly
scratching his head, "mabe dat was de
reason why he wouldn't gib me de bag-
gage."

"Julius can you tell me how Adam
got out ob Eden?"

"Well, I suppose he climbed over de
fence."

"No, dat ain't it!"

"Well, den he peritely walked out."

"No."

"I gubs it up, den."

"He got 'snaked' out!"

"You are very handsome," said a
gentleman to a lady.

"Ah!" said the lady, "so you would say if
you did not think so."

"And so you would think," answered he
"though I should not say so."

"Do you know the prisoner Mr.
Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know as he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shil-
lings for fire wood in the last eight or nine
years."

A fellow said to a Jew: "Do you
know that they hang Jews and jackasses in
England?"

"I didn't sir, but if it be true, it is fortun-
ate that you and I are not over there."

A boy was reading in school, and
coming to the word glass, spelled it out but
did not pronounce it.

"What does that spell?" asked the teach-
er.

"How do you 'spose I know?" said the
boy.

"What 'cose your mother put in the win-
dows when they get broken out?"

"Oh! now I know what it spells."

"Well, what is it?"

"Dad's old hat!" replied the boy.

—Professor Newman says that birds pre-
fer to fly against the wind.

—We know a man so habitually sleepy
that his curiosity can not be awakened.

—Lawyers according to Martial, are
men who hire out their words and anger.

It costs the Treasury Department
from fifty to one hundred thousand
dollars daily for printing.

A small insect has appeared in
great quantities on the wheat blades
in Georgia, and has produced sad
havoc with the grain. The source
of its origin is undiscovered.

The Louisiana military authori-
ties are providing for the relief of
the inundated districts in that State.

Lovers, like armies, generally get
along quietly enough until they are
engaged.

Fifty clerks were discharged
from the Treasury Department on
Saturday for incompetency and a
lack of employment.

He who listens to the tales of
discredit which are being circulated
to the injury of others, will be
led to suspect his best friend.